

THE DRAMA;

OR,

THEATRICAL

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VOL. II.

MR. GRIMALDI.

“Thou art a very impudent fellow, but no matter for that; thou art a *pleasant* one, for thou always makest us laugh.”—CIBBER.

“This fellow’s wise enough to *play the fool*;
And to do *that well* craves a *kind of art*.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE portrait which accompanies this number, we consider peculiarly suited to its contents and the season. We trust it will prove acceptable to *all* our readers: by *one* class we are certain it will be favourably received—those who can enjoy a hearty laugh at the comicalities of one who may truly be termed “*the curer of quinzies*.”

It must not be expected that we have anything new to communicate respecting Mr. GRIMALDI’s private history. The few anecdotes of himself and family which are known have been so repeatedly published, that we can only cull from those who have by their industry and research anticipated us. We shall, therefore, lay before our readers some

extracts from "*The British Stage*," vol. v. adding thereto a few facts from undoubted authority.

The grandfather of GRIMALDI was a dancer of great celebrity on the French and Italian stages, and was generally called, for distinction, "*Iron legs*," being considered the best jumper in the world. He once jumped so high that he broke a chandelier, a piece of which hitting the Turkish Ambassador, who was in the stage box, he considered it as a premeditated affront, and complained to the French Court of the outrage. But the most extraordinary circumstance concerning him was his being put in prison for indecency on the stage, which is a circumstance, when we consider the licence at that time used there, most peculiarly extraordinary. The French were for a time infatuated with GRIMALDI, but after this unlucky business (1) he began to lose ground, and at length was obliged to stroll into Flanders, where, however, he proved a source of riches to his companions; for the Flemings, as he added legerdemain, and other tricks, to his jumping, thought him some supernatural being. A laughable accident is related to have befallen him on his journey into Flanders: he and his troop were attacked near Brussels, by a banditti. The baggage waggon was ransacked, their pockets turned inside out, and, according to their usual custom, the thieves were about to dispatch their prey. It should be known that GRIMALDI wanting money for his expedi-

(1) "I copy the following circumstance," says Mr. DIBDIN, in his "*History of the Stage*," "from a French author. IRON LEGS had for a partner either his wife, his sister, or his daughter; for so equivocal was the lady's character, that no one has been able to ascertain the precise degree of relationship. This nymph was thought to be his sister or his daughter, for she was remarkably like him; being a squat, thick, strong figure, and endowed with so much agility and strength, that she could break chandeliers almost as well as himself. Thus as it was well known she cohabited with him as his wife, the remainder of the conjecture—his character being pretty well authenticated—became more probable."

tion, enticed one FLAHAUT, a bookseller, to follow his fortunes. FLAHAUT, having learnt Latin, took it into his head that it would be a good thing to introduce the ancient chorus on the stage, by way of explaining GRIMALDI's dances. GRIMALDI appeared to approve the scheme, but told him as it was a kind of improvement that could only be brought about by degrees, he had better learn to dance first, which would make him immediately useful. FLAHAUT set to work, and GRIMALDI promised to make him a capital dancer. In the end, he got as much money together as he could, left his family, and, as before said, followed GRIMALDI. When the sabres of the banditti were drawn to dispatch the troop of dancers, GRIMALDI, who at the danger of his life would have his joke, whispered FLAHAUT to talk Latin to them. The enthusiast, FLAHAUT, began; and for a few seconds the sabres were suspended. Presently loudly vociferating "*dixi*," one of them aiming a blow at his head, cried "*feci*;" which blow, had it taken place, must have silenced the orator for ever. But the most extraordinary part of the adventure remains to be told. GRIMALDI's partner, the lady before commemorated, in all the furor of romantic heroism, just as the word dispatch had been uttered, stepped forward, and in a scream of despair, implored the banditti to have pity on her comrades; offering that if they would be merciful, she would yield herself up a sacrifice, and devote herself to their pleasure. She described how many ways she could be useful to them; that she could dance to amuse them, she could cook for them, and, to be brief, intimated, in the language of *Deborah Woodcock*, that she had no objection to any work they could put her to. In short, the thieves were appeased, and carried off the lady in triumph, but not till they had stripped the whole troop stark naked, leaving them nothing but the refuse of what they had pilaged from the baggage-waggon, consisting of a few odds and ends of pantomime dresses. GRIMALDI put on an old Harlequin's jacket, poor FLAHAUT contented himself with the trowsers of Scaramouch, and in this plight they begged their way to Brussels.

His son, the father of the subject of this notice, commenced life as a dentist, and came to England in the suite

of her late Majesty Queen CHARLOTTE, in the capacity of a dentist. He became a celebrated performer of Clowns, and was appointed ballet-master at Drury-lane theatre. He died March 14, 1788. There are many curious anecdotes related of him, one or two of which we shall repeat.

In his capacity of dentist, he was once applied to by a gentleman to extract a decayed tooth. The facetious operator, after taking out the offensive member, dexterously slid the tooth of a horse into the patient's mouth, and drawing it forth again, covered with blood, exclaimed, "Got bless my soul, here's a toots! Why, sir, your fader must have been a horse!" The gentleman expressed his astonishment at the phenomenon; and giving GRIMALDI a guinea, took the wonderful *tooth* with him, to exhibit as a curiosity.

During the memorable riots, in the year 1780, many persons, to save their houses from the fury of the mob, affixed labels to their doors, inscribed with the words "*No Popery!*" GRIMALDI, determined to please all parties, and make assurance doubly sure, hung out a label, upon which was written, "*No Religion!*"

His son, (the present performer,) and who inherits all his father's humour, was born in Stanhope-street, Clare-market, in the year 1779, and was introduced to the public, at a very early age, on the boards of Sadler's Wells. He was afterwards engaged at Drury-lane, where he continued to perform for several years, enjoying an ample portion of public favour; (1) but his fame has principally been achieved at Covent-garden, to which theatre he transferred his services in 1806, making his first appearance as the *Clown*, in that most renowned of pantomimes,

(1) During his engagement here, the pantomime of "*Fortunatus*," was revived. A player was placed at the wing to go on and relieve one of the petrified figures that appear in succession in that piece. "Go on! go on!" said the prompter, when it came to his turn. "'Tis not my turn yet," said the fellow; "I am not to go on till Mr. GRIMALDI is *putrified!*"

"*Mother Goose*," and has ever since restricted his performances to that house and Sadler's Wells, of which, we believe, he is a proprietor.

As a *Clown* Mr. GRIMALDI is perfectly unrivalled. Other performers of the part may be droll in their generation; but, which of them can for a moment compete with the Covent-garden hero in acute observation upon the foibles and absurdities of society, and his happy talent of holding them up to ridicule. He is the finest practical satyrist, that ever existed. He does not, like many *Clowns*, content himself with raising a horse-laugh by contortions and grimaces, but tickles the fancy and excites the risibility of an audience by devices as varied as they are ingenious. "He uses his folly as a stalking-horse, under cover of which he shoots his wit;" and fully deserves the encomium bestowed upon him by KEMBLE, who, it is said, pronounced him to be "*the best low comedian upon the stage.*"

There are few things, we think, more delightful than a pantomime—that is, a *good* pantomime, such as is usually produced at Covent-garden. We know there are a set of solemn pompous mortals about town, who express much dignified horror at the absurdities of these things, and declaim very fluently, in good set terms, upon the necessity of their abolition. Such fellows as these are ever your dullest of blockheads. Conscious of their lack of ideas, they think to earn the reputation of men of sterling sense, by inveighing continually against what *they* deem to be frivolity; while they only expose more clearly to all observers, the sad vacuum which exists in their pericraniums. Far, far from us be such dullards, and such opinions; and let us continue to laugh heartily at our pantomimes, undisturbed by their tedious harangues! "Do they think, because they are *wise*, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" The man who refuses to smile at the humours of GRIMALDI is made of bad materials—*hic niger est*—let no such man be trusted!

Can there possibly be a more captivating sight than that which the theatre presents nightly, of hundreds of beautiful children all happy and laughing, "as if a master-spring constrained them all;" and filled with delight,

unalloyed and unbounded, at the performance of one man ? And shall that man go without his due meed of praise ?— Never be it said !—No, *Joey* ! when we forget thee, may our right hand forget its cunning ! We owe thee much for the delight thou hast already afforded us ; and rely upon thee, with confident expectation, for many a future hour of gay forgetfulness. Well do we remember, in our boyish dreams of bliss, how prominent a feature thou didst stand amongst the anticipated enjoyments of Christmas ; how the thoughts of home, and kindred, and release from school, were rendered ten-fold more delightful by the idea of thy motley garb and mirth-inspiring voice, which ever formed the greatest enjoyment our holidays afforded. Heaven be praised, we still are children in some respects, for we still feel gladdened by thy gambols, as heartily as we did years ago, when we made our periodical escape from the terrors of our old pedagogue's frown, and went with *Aunt Bridget* ("happier than ourselves the while") to banquet upon the pantomimic treat provided for us. "All wisdom is folly," says the philosopher ; but we often incline to think the converse of the proposition correct, when we see thee put thy antic disposition on, and set the audience in a roar by the magic of thy powers.

It is thought by many persons that GRIMALDI is seen to greater advantage on the small stage of Sadler's Wells, than on the more capacious one of Covent-garden ; but, this is an opinion with which we cannot coincide. He always appears to us more at his ease at the latter house ; to come forth exulting in his power, and exclaiming, "Ay, marry, here my soul hath elbow-room." His engagement there has certainly been a lucrative speculation for the proprietors. "*Mother Goose*," we believe, drew more money than any other piece which has been produced during the present century ; and no pantomime since brought forward at Covent-garden, has been unsuccessful ; which is mainly to be attributed to his inimitable performance of *Clown*. It is scarcely possible for language to do justice to his unequalled powers of gesture and expression. Do our readers recollect a pantomime some years ago, in which he was introduced begging a tart from a pie-man ? The simple expression, "*May I ?*" with the look and

action which accompanied it, are impressed upon our recollection, as forming one of the finest pieces of acting we ever witnessed. Indeed, let the subject be what it may, it never fails to become highly amusing in the hands of GRIMALDI; whether he have to rob a pieman or open an oyster, imitate a chimney-sweep or a dandy, grasp a red-hot poker or devour a pudding, take snuff, sneeze, make love, mimic a tragedian, cheat his master, pick a pocket, beat a watchman, or nurse a child, it is all performed in so admirably humorous and extravagantly natural a manner, that spectators of the most saturnine disposition are irresistibly moved to laughter.

Mr. GRIMALDI also possesses great merit in pantomimic performances of a different character, which all are aware of, who have ever seen him in the melo-drama called "*Perouse*," and other pieces of the same description.

We cannot better terminate this article, than with a poetical tribute to his powers, addressed to him by one of the authors of "*Horace in London*," who appears to have had a true relish of his subject :—

Facetious mime! thou enemy of gloom,
Grandson of Momus, blithe and debonair,
Who, aping Pan, with an inverted broom,
Can'st brush the cobwebs from the brows of care ;

Our gallery gods immortalize thy song ;
Thy Newgate thefts impart ecstatic pleasure ;
Thou bid'st a Jew's harp charm a Christian throng,
A Gothic salt-box teem with attic treasure.

When Harlequin, entangled in thy clue,
By magic seeks to dissipate the strife,
Thy furtive fingers snatch his faulchion too ;
The luckless wizard loses wand and wife.

The fabled egg from thee obtains its gold ;
Thou sett'st the mind from critic bondage loose,
Where male and female cacklers, young and old,
Birds of a feather, hail the sacred Goose.

Even pious souls, from *Bunyan's* durance free,
At Sadler's Wells applaud thy agile wit,
Forget old Care while they remember thee,
"*Laugh the hearts laugh*," and haunt the jovial pit.

Long may'st thou guard the prize thy humour won,
 Long hold thy court in pantomimic state,
 And, to the equipoise of English fun,
 Exalt the lowly, and bring down the great.

DRAMATIC FRAGMENTA.

“Gleanings, sir, Gleanings — Odds and Ends. — Odd enough
 I promise you — picked up here and there.”

“*Couchologist*,” an old play.

59.—“RECRUITING OFFICER.”

FOOTE relates that the character of this play were taken
 by Captain FARQUHAR from the following originals ;—

Justice Balance, was a Mr. BEVERLEY ; a gentleman of
 strict honour and independency, then Recorder of Shrews-
 bury.

Another of the Justices was Mr. HILL, an inhabitant of
 Shrewsbury.

Worthy, was a Mr. OWEN, who lived on the borders of
 Shropshire.

Captain Plume was FARQUHAR himself.

Captain Brazen, unknown.

Sylvia, was Miss BEVERLEY, daughter of the gentleman
 of that name just mentioned.

Melinda was Miss HARNAGE, of Belsadine, near the
 Wrekin.

The plot is supposed to be the author's own invention.

60.—COLONEL BOWDEN.

This gentleman being in the stage-box one night when
 Mrs. PRITCHARD was playing in the masque of “*Britan-
 nia*,” her pasteboard armour was buckled on so tight, par-
 ticularly about the neck, that she could hardly articulate
 her words. This created some confusion for a time, when
 BOWDEN seeing the cause, stuttered out as loud as he could
 —“Will nobody slit that dear woman's dripping-pan for
 her? — If they don't poor *Britannia* will be undone.”

61.—INTUITION AND SAGACITY.

Of the difference between those two qualities, (the one being immediate in its effect, and the other acquiring a circuitous process) FOOTE said, "the former was the *eye*, the latter the *nose* of the mind."

62.—COLLEY CIBBER'S "CARELESS HUSBAND."

Mrs. MASON, the mother of SAVAGE, after having forfeited the title of Lady MACCLESFIELD by divorce, was married to Colonel BRETT, and, it is said was well known in all the polite circles. COLLEY CIBBER had so high an opinion of her taste and judgment, as to genteel life and manners, that he submitted every scene of his "*Careless Husband*" to Mrs. BRETT's revision and correction. Colonel BRETT was too free in his gallantry with his lady's maid. Mrs. BRETT came home one day, and found the Colonel and her servant both fast asleep in two chairs. She tied a white handkerchief round his neck as a sufficient proof that she had discovered his intrigue, but never at any time took notice of it to him. This incident leads by an easy path to the well-wrought scene of *Sir Charles, Lady Easy* and *Edging*.

63.—MRS. SIDDONS.

It is presumed the following extract will not be uninteresting to the dramatic reader. Her well earned fame might hereafter without such evidence after a well-known example lead different places to contend for the honour of having given her birth;—

"In this street, [the high street, Brecknock] at a public house, called *The Shoulder of Mutton*, was born the celebrated Mrs. SIDDONS. I know not whether I may or not without offence, state her age; but presuming that there is no impropriety in my inserting a copy of the register of her baptism, I take the liberty of stating, that on the 14th of July, 1755, her father is therein erroneously called George KEMBLE, a comedian, instead of Roger KEMBLE, I am informed, that Hereford has been considered as the place of her birth; but the fact is beyond controversy

otherwise, as might have been proved a very few years ago, by a woman now dead, who was present at Mrs. S.'s birth ; and perhaps even now it may not be difficult to establish the circumstance if necessary."

JONES's *Hist. of Brecknock.*

64.—"GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE."

A passage in this play evidently proves, that the practice of entertaining the audience at the Theatres with music between the acts, prevailed in the very infancy of the stage, and was introduced into the earliest of our dramatic entertainments ; see the conclusion of the second act.

65.—"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."

The first song in this piece, "*Through all the employments of life*", was written by LORD CHESTERFIELD ;—"*Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre*," by Sir CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS ; "*When you censure the age*," by SWIFT, and "*The Gamesters and Lawyers are jugglers alike*," is supposed to have been the production of Mr. FORTESCUE, then Master of the Rolls.

66.—FIRST APPEARANCES.

It is a curious fact, that during the year 1766, no new performer appeared either at Drury Lane or Covent Garden. This is a circumstance probable without parallel in the History of the Stage.

67.—MRS. WOFFINGTON.

Sometimes a theatrical joke is greatly heightened by a certain analogy the audience find between the words of the author and the character of the actor ; or perhaps what was no joke in itself becomes one in consequence of that analogy.—Mrs. WOFFINGTON was a most beautiful and graceful actress ; her declamation was accurate ; but her voice was so unpleasant, that it might be said to be *cracked*. In *Portia*, where she appeared to great advantage, when *Lorenzo* says, (Act V. Scene 1st.) "That is the voice, or I am

much deceived, of *Portia*," and *Portia* replies, "He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow, by the *bad voice*;" the audience often laughed; and she knowing her infirmity, frequently joined in the joke.

68.—BANDY LEGS.

GRIFFITHS, an actor, who was bandy-legged, won a considerable wager by a singular circumstance. A gentleman present was very severe upon GRIFFITHS's person, and pointing to his left leg, offered a bet that there was not so ill-formed a limb in the company. GRIFFITHS pleasantly took up the offer, and instantly exhibiting his right leg, exclaimed, "By —, here's the fellow to it!"

69.—THE SEVEN STAGES OF THE LAW;
A Parody on Shakspeare's Seven Ages,

[From "Tereza Tomkins."]

The *law's* a strange riddle; all the world's at *law*; and all our thriving fellows are *lawyers*. They have their *articles* and their *entrances*, and one man in his time brings many *actions*—each cause having seven stages. First, the *writ*, hunting and seeking in the *bailiff's* hands. And then the *Declaration* with its *Venue* and half a dozen *Counts*, rushing alas! too quickly on its fellow, and then the *plea* to it, drawn by some *special pleader*. Then the *Demurrer*, full of *Denials*, lying like young WILDING, eager to put off, sudden and quick in *filing*, seeking for some procrastination, even in the *Judges' teeth*. And then the *Judgement*, with fair *decision* and good *records*—lined with legal words and terms of formal *cut*—full of old *precedents* and modern *instances*, and so they go to *Court*. The scene then shifts into the sharp remorseless *Execution*, with *levy* on its back, and *Poundage* too. Last stage of all, that ends this strange and useless persecution, is the *King's Bench*, or *Fleet*, or else the *Marshalsea*.

Sans law, sans sense, sans cash, sans every thing.

70.—SALARIES FOR PUBLIC SINGERS.

A most wonderful change has taken place in this respect

in the course of a century. Madame CATALANI was not long since paid the enormous sum of £50 a night for singing a few songs at an Oratorio! but the celebrated Lavinia FELTON, (Duchess of BOLTON) was tempted by RICH, from the Haymarket Theatre to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in the year 1728, by a salary of 15s. per week!—On the success of the "*Beggar's Opera*," to secure this valuable actress, he raised it to thirty shillings! and such was the rage of the town respecting her, that she was obliged to be guarded home every night by a considerable party of confidential friends to prevent her being run away with.

71.—THEATRICAL DEFINITIONS.

1. A brilliant and overflowing audience.—*A pit about three parts empty, and a "beggarly account of empty boxes."*
2. Unbounded applause.—*Hissing from the beginning to the end of the piece.*
3. New Music, Scenery, and Dresses.—*Old Ditties by a new Composer; old Canvas fresh daubed; and old Lace cleaned for the twentieth time.*
4. A revived play.—*One that has been acted every season.*
5. Due notice.—*The Notice due, that is, none at all.*
6. The last time this season.—*The last time this week.*
7. Positively the last time.—*Positively no such thing.*

72.—SOUTHERN.

SOUTHERN's last production was a play; called "*Money's the Mistress*," 1725. Of this play, VICTOR says, "I happened to be behind the scenes the first night, and was very sorry to find that the audience did not take the age as well as the great merit of the author into their consideration, and quietly dismiss this last effort to please them. When they were hissing dreadfully, (5th Act) Mr. RICH who was standing by Mr. SOUTHERN, asked him "if he heard what the audience were doing?" His answer was, "No, sir, I am very deaf."

Lambeth, 1st Jan. 1822.

GLANVILLE.

 THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

 No. VI.

 BY J. W. DALBY.

CLODIA AND COELIUS.

*Scene.—A Garden in Rome near the banks of the Tiber.**Coelius. (alone)* 'Tis base as bondage—worse than servitude!

Thus hanging meanly on a courtesan—
 Generous and kind I grant,—but still she is
 No diadem in my cap.—The thief may boast
 Of splendid dresses and proud equipage,
 But still he is a thief;—and Clodia, who
 Rolls in her riches, and has in her soul
 A kindly sentiment which now and then
 Directs her actions to a goodly end—
 Is still upon the whole——

*(Clodia steals behind, and touches Coelius on the
 shoulder.)*

Clodia. My gentle Marcus! prithee, pardon me:—My
 thoughtless one!

Thy love demands to be informed at once,
 And with no reservation, what thy mind
 Was just now given to?—If thou play'st false
 With her who loves thee, giving as the truth
 What passion's falcon eye shall quick perceive
 To be a simulative lover's art,—

I'll plague and punish thee so very long—
 I'll be so deaf to all thy warm entreaties—
 I'll not bestow a smile—I'll speak no word
 Of kindness or compassion—I will be
 So cold—so cruel—and so unrelenting
 That thou shalt ne'er forget thy punishment,
 And ne'er repeat thy crime! Come, confess all.

Coelius. My dear-loved Clodia, I was thinking then
 Of only *thee*!—I dream of nothing else,—
 Could ought else claim my thoughts, here as I am

An outcast wretch, (if he can be so called,
 Who sweetly lives in thy heart's paradise)
 Dependant, and but for your helping love,
 A hopeless and a worthless burthen on
 Yourself and house.—I say, if I had heart,
 Or mind, or eyes, or ears for aught but thee—
 But thee, dear Clodia ! (gentlest, fairest love,
 I cannot speak of sorrow, while I look
 On that voluptuous form and heavenly face !)
 Wert thou not all in all to me, these thoughts
 Would speedily deprive me of all peace,
 Would harrass me for ever, and despoil
 My bosom of its gentle dream of love !
 But, as it is, when I would think of pride,
 The witchcraft of affection conjures up
 Thy lovely form, and pride flies far away.
 When I would think of honour, love usurps
 The place which honour holds in noble hearts ;
 And when my base condition would remind me
 That passion sometimes leads one to disgrace,
 I drown the truth and surety of this
 In draughts of passionate and maddening love !

Clodia. O, sir, I see to what I owe your love,
 And I perceive how I may lose it too.
 Suppose I should anticipate the shame
 Of such a loss, and be the first to cast
 The worthless care-mark'd trifle from my breast.
 How would'st thou like it, chuck ?—Nay, do not frown—
 I have given gold for smiles, and will not be
 Cheated of what I've purchased.—You *have* smiles
 And well I know for whom !—how sweetly looked
 Those amorous eyes, and that expressive mouth,
 When *she*, my neighbour—so—you colour, sir !

Coelius. Clodia, this bantering is somewhat harsh,
 Or can you really deem that I am false
 Even in thought—thou know'st it can be only
 In fickle thought that I can play the truant.—
 Thou know'st thine inmate—love's own prisoner
 Cannot have erred in any other way.

Clodia. Thou would'st not err my sweet one!—*there*
 —I'll kiss

A pardon from thee—first upon thy brow
 That fair and open brow—and now I'll press (*Kisses him.*)
 Those sweetly sullen eyes—and now thy cheek
 (Pale with the thought thou speak'st of) those dear lips
 Shall have the last and longest;—now but say
 Thou hast forgiven and still lovest me,
 And I shall be so happy—

Coelius. Love thee, dearest!

Let the *past* speak for that! and for the future
 Harbour no fears,—my truth shall last at least
 As long as my affection—that is, ever!

Clodia. Now I feel wholly blest!—Thou hast I know
 A warm eye for all beauty; and I've known
 The coolest admiration quickly change
 Into the fiercest love,—and therefore, sweet,
 Having heard tales that thou hast proven false)
 Fearing, I chided—chiding still I loved!

ON THE ORIGIN OF SHAKSPEARE'S "TEMPEST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DRAMA.

SIR,

LITERAL illustrations of the bard of Avon, comments on the text of the great bard, and notes on his commentators, have become so common, and have overwhelmed us in so many various ways, that there really appears some danger that the poet may be obscured "by the very props and buttresses raised to support an edifice imperishable in its nature."

A subject better calculated to excite interest, and which is at the same time far less hackneyed, are the sources whence SHAKSPEARE drew the foundations of those dramas which have excited the delight and admiration of two centuries. We are indebted to Mr. OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST for the following account of a singular occurrence which he very naturally believes to have influenced SHAKSPEARE

when writing the "Tempest;"—"In the month of July, 1609, Sir GEORGE SOMERS, heading nine sail of vessels destined for the colonization of Virginia, was parted from the body of the fleet, and wrecked under singular circumstances on the island of Bermuda, "which island," according to STOWE, "was of all nations said and supposed to be enchanted and inhabited with witches and devils." The various reports which arrived in the mother country, agitated in an extreme degree the public mind, and the interest felt on the subject may be gathered from the several pamphlets published on this occasion, the titles of which are given by Mr. MALONE in a tract, (privately printed) on the source whence SHAKSPEARE derived the principal incidents in the "Tempest," and in which he has examined the several parts of the enquiry with his usual minuteness. After perusing the dissertation of Mr. MALONE, I have no doubt, with him, that the shipwreck of Sir GEORGE SOMERS supplied SHAKSPEARE with the title and main features of the "*Tempest*." Mr. OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST then goes on to remark on the "conceited comedie of "*Mucedorus*," and supposes that it supplied some of the features of the monster *Caliban*.(1) A few lines will convey some idea of the comedy, as it is called, of "*Mucedorus*." *Mucedorus*, the king's son of Valencia, enamoured of *Amadine*, daughter of the King of Arragon, having never seen the lady, imparts to his friend *Anselmo*, the resolution he had formed of visiting the court of the latter disguised as a shepherd, in order to ascertain if fame reported truly of his mistress's beauty. He immediately sets forth. *Mouse*, the clown, then enters with a bottle of hay on his back pursued by a bear, "or the devil in a bear's doublet," which comes in, and he tumbles over her, "and runnes his way, leaving his bottle of hay behind him." This sportive sally must have put our ancestors into good humour for the rest of the evening. The heroine, *Amadine*, is in turn chased by the

(1) There was in the possession of COLLINS, the poet, a romance, called "*Aurelio and Isabella*," which furnished the loves of *Ferdinand* and *Isabella*. Strange ! but thus it is, that the unconnected fragments of SHAKSPEARE's stories are to be collected.

bear, when *Mucedorus* rescues her, and slaying the animal, politely proffers its head to the lady, exclaiming.

Most gracious goddess, more than mortal wight,
Your heavenly hue of right imports no less.

Amadine modestly assures him, she is

No goddess, but a mortal wight,

Which, of course, the lover is greatly pleased to hear. This complimentary phraseology might have suggested to SHAKSPEARE the most impressive address of *Ferdinand* to *Miranda* :—

—————Most sure the goddess
On whom these airs attend :—my prime request
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !
If you be made or no ?

To which *Miranda* replies with the ingeniousness of *Amadine*,

—————No wonder, sir,
But sure a maid.

Much stress, however, cannot be laid on a sentiment, which has been echoed on every similar occasion, by male as well as female ; from the "*O Dea certe*" of VIRGIL, on the one hand, and the exclamation of SALMACIS on the other, of which SHAKSPEARE assuredly knew nothing except from translation. * * *

Some scenes take place between the clown and *Segasto*, betrothed to *Amadine*, which might vie with the interlocutions of a mountebank-doctor and his servant at a country-fair : these are interrupted by the appearance of *Tremilio*, who, at the instigation of *Segasto*, attempts the murder of *Mucedorus*, already a favourite at court, to the prejudice of the former favourite. In the encounter, *Tremilio* is slain ; and, *Segasto* complains to the King of Arragon, *Mucedorus* is condemned to death, but *Amadine* presenting the bear's head to her father, with an account of her preservation, the sentence of death on *Mucedorus* is changed to banishment ; and *Amadine* proceeds into voluntary exile in search of her lover. In a wood she is overtaken by a fierce mis-shapen monster, at once a savage and a cannibal—by whom she is

threatened with death, but at length she consents to live with him in the woods. *Mucedorus*, in search of *Amadine*, is surprised by the monster, who foregoes his life at the instance of *Amadine*; but *Bremo*, when instructing *Mucedorus* in wielding the club, is struck dead by the latter. The princes return to the court of Arragon, where *Mucedorus* throws off his disguise, and receives the hand of *Amadine*; and the arrival of the King of Valencia in search of his son "concludes this strange eventful history." "In this brief analysis," continues Mr. G.; "the broader features of SHAKESPEARE'S fable will not be discovered; they must be sought for, as has been already observed, in the circumstances attending the shipwreck of Sir GEORGE SOMERS; some of the slighter incidents may, however, be traced in *Mucedorus*. The defeated purpose of *Antonio* and *Sebastian*, in the "*Tempest*," to murder *Gonzalo* and *Alonzo*, has its parallel in the unsuccessful attempt of *Tremelio* to slay *Mucedorus*. *Miranda* is proposed by *Stephano* to be called his queen; and, in like manner, *Amadine* is called by *Bremo* the queen of his woods. *Mouse*, the clown, and *Trinculo* are alike buffoons and jesters. When *Bremo* raises his hand to strike at *Amadine*, he exclaims,

Ah! how my courage fayles when I should strike,
Some new-come spirit bidding in my breast.

In a similar manner, but through the means of an agency which the author of *Mucedorus* was unable to create, *Antonio* and *Sebastian* are unable to raise their swords, while *Ariel* mocks them :—

—————Fools! if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strength,
And will not be uplifted.

The resemblance of *Caliban* to *Bremo*, is far more striking; indeed, the differences in those characters are rather accidental than essential. The monster *Bremo* was as much the lord of the unfrequented woods wherein he dwelt, as *Caliban* of the island which he inhabited, before *Prospero* subdued him by magic. Both, most probably, had their origin in the uncouth personages of the rustic pageants already referred to. But the circumstance of Sir GEORGE

SOMERS's shipwreck on an island to which vulgar belief annexed many marvellous and superstitious stories, suggested to the creative fancy of SHAKSPEARE the creation of a monster dissimilar to the vulgar race, with which the inventors of masques and pageants had hitherto entertained their spectators, and, giving uncontrolled indulgence to his genius the poet has created an inhabitant of the earth not only new and strange in its nature, but endowed with combinations of language strikingly characteristic of the ferocity of their employer. SHAKSPEARE's judgment, however, avoided the disgusting impropriety of making his female yield even in appearance to an unnatural attachment for a deformed slave and savage; though the monster *Caliban* had attempted to violate the honour of *Miranda*, and boasts, with savage sensuality, that he was prevented,

————— He had peopled else
The isle with Calibans.

The exquisite genius of SHAKSPEARE in the conduct of this extraordinary effort of invention, is no where so transcendantly remarkable, as in the natural and appropriate qualities with which he has marked the conduct of *Caliban* towards whoever indulges his sensual appetites—the only sources of gratification to savage and untutored nature—the only impulses which sway and bias even better natures, when unsubdued by reason, and unrefined by education. The return proposed on the part of the indulged, would naturally partake of the qualities which alone he was competent to prize. *Caliban*, complaining of *Prospero's* tyranny, feelingly adds,

—————When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mads't much of me, would'st give
me

Water with berries in't.—And then I loved thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities of the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and fertile.

But this minute discernment of nature and propriety of conduct is still more powerfully displayed in the scene where *Stephano* pours the flaggon of wine in the mouth of *Caliban*. A liquor altogether new, producing upon an animal, half man half beast, an effect so exhilarating, per-

suade the savage that the bestower is a god ; and, in the feelings of gratitude excited by the operation of the stimulating potion, *Caliban* proffers to *Stephano* whatever valuable to his sensations the isle afforded :—

I'll shew thee every fertile inch of the isle ;
And kiss thy foot ; I pr'ythee be my god.
I'll shew thee the best springs ; I'll pluck thee berries ;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
I pr'thee let me bring thee where crabs grow :
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet ; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells from the rock. Wilt thou go with me ?

Never was savage thankfulness so powerfully pourtrayed, so rich in the colouring and so true to the life."

—* * * *—"No writer on a similar subject can bench by the side of SHAKSPEARE—no poet can hope to measure a lance with him with success: the following passages, however, manifest the hand of a master, and will be read with pleasure, even though they should fail to prove that, in the character and language of his "servant monster," SHAKSPEARE owed any obligations to the "*Comedie of Mucedorus*:"—

If thou wilt love me, thou shalt be my queene ;
I'll crowne thee with a chaplet made of ivie,
And make the rose and lily wait upon thee.
I'll rend the branches from the burly oke
At noon to shade thee from the burning sunne :
The trees shall spread themselves where thou dost goe,
And as they spread I'll trace along with thee
Thou shalt be fed with quailles and partridges,
With black-birds, thrushes, larks, and nightingales :
Thy drink shall be goat's-milk and christel water,
Distilled from fountaines and the clearest springs ;
And all the dainties which the woods afford
I'll freely give thee to obtain thy love.
The day I'll spend to recreate my love,
With all the pleasures that I can devise.

And in the night I'll be thy bed-fellow,
 And lovingly embrace thee in mine arms.
 The satyrs and the wood-nymphs shall attend thee,
 And lull thee to thy sleepe with music's sound ;
 And in the morning when thou dost awake,
 The larke shall singe good morrow to my queene.
 When thou art up, the wood-lanes shall be strowed
 With violets, cowslips, and sweet marigolds,
 For thee to trample and to treade upon :
 And I will teach thee how to kill the deer,
 To chase the hart, and how to rouse the roe,
 If thou wilt live to love and honour me.

* * * *

Such, Mr. DRAMA, is the hypothesis of Mr. OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST. Perfect proof in disquisitions of this kind cannot be expected or pretended. It is clear that the two dramas bear a distant resemblance to each other ; and no one can deny that there is a character " in each of striking similarity."

I think most impartial readers of the above very interesting essay, upon a comparison of the leading ideas in the above passages, will be inclined to believe that SHAKSPEARE, in the composition of the "*Tempest*," had in his mind the popular comedy, or droll, of *Mucedorus* ; certain, however, that the insertion of this communication, though it should fail to convince, will at least amuse, your numerous readers.

I remain, Mr. DRAMA,
 Your's very truly,
 J. W. DALBY.

MISS FOOTE.

*Suggested on witnessing her admirable representation of
 " Virginia." (1)*

" Without the smile from partial beauty won,
 Oh, what were man ! a world without a sun."

CAMPBELL.

Delightful task ! to speak in praise
 Of beauty's soul enlivening rays,

(1) In the tragedy of "*Virginia*."

Such heavenly aspect does it wear,
It's product's bliss, or deep despair.
Its magic and bewitching power
Can soothe affliction's darkest hour,
Can hearts of flint, or steel, or stone,
Its genial sway compel to own ;
So 'tis with features such as thine,
Where grace and dignity combine ;
Where looks bespeak thy outward mien
Enshrines a mind refin'd within,
For passions coloured deep and true
To nature, with each varying hue
And heightened excellence of her
Whose sentiments thou didst aver,
Have I in thee all center'd seen ;
Virginia's image—" beauty's queen."
Delightful bliss ! thus sweetly cast,
To feel she lives, whose days are past—
To mark (though with a critic's ear)
Thy scenes pathetic ; still a tear
From either eye will steal away,
As dew drops fall at dawn of day.
Thy accents, urged by grief's whole sum,
Still breathe "*Will not my father come ?*"
Ee'n now I see thy anxious strife,
Now as a daughter, now a wife,
Whose virtuous beauty fatal prov'd,
While thy destroyer gaz'd unmov'd.
While thy irradiate beaming eye
From haughty *Appius* forc'd a sigh,
And spread an influence o'er his mind
His better judgment could not blind.
Then sensual power inflicted woes,
And mark'd a victim nature's rose,
Which yielded fragrance sweeter still,
Though blooming midst tempestuous ill.
Oh, may'st thou bloom, and long enhance
Virginia's virtues, pleasure's trance
Diffusing that effulgent joy
Which traitorous time can never cloy.

THE DRAMATIC REFLECTOR.

No. II.

Consisting of Observations, &c., original and selected, on the subject of Dramatic entertainments.

By J. W. DALBY.

4.—WHY ARE THERE SO FEW GOOD MODERN COMEDIES ?

Though this interesting question has been frequently proposed, and has given rise to many ingenious guesses, it would appear to have elicited very little satisfactory information. Modern manners have been accused of affording too confined a field for the polished satirist, in consequence of their sameness and superficiality; and these, in their turn, have not failed to retort upon the feeble and restricted powers of modern genius. An original and gifted writer in the *Examiner*, (whom I suspect to be Mr. HAZLITT) about seven years ago, treated this subject in the following philosophic, and apparently conclusive manner :—"It is because so many excellent Comedies have been written, that there are none written at present. Comedy naturally wears itself out—destroys the very food on which it lives; and by constantly and successfully exposing the follies and weaknesses of mankind to ridicule, in the end leaves itself nothing worth laughing at. It holds the mirror up to nature; and men, seeing their most striking peculiarities and defects, pass in gay review before them, learn either to avoid or conceal them. It is not the criticism which the public taste exercises upon the stage, but the criticism which the stage exercises upon public manners, that is so fatal to comedy, by rendering the subject matter of it tame, correct, and spiritless. We are drilled into a sort of stupid decorum, and forced to wear the same dull uniform of outward appearance; and yet it is asked, why the comic does not point, as she was wont, at the peculiarities of our gait and gesture, and exhibit the picturesque contrasts of our

dress and costume, in all that graceful variety in which she delights. The genuine source of comic writing, "Where it must live, or have no life at all," is undoubtedly to be found in the distinguishing peculiarities of men and manners. Now, this distinction can subsist, so as to be strong, pointed, and general, only while the manners of different classes are formed immediately by their particular circumstances, and the character of individuals by their natural temperament and situation, without being everlastingly modified and neutralised by intercourse with the world—by knowledge and education. In a certain state of society men may be said to vegetate like trees, and to become rooted to the soil in which they grow. They have no idea of any thing beyond themselves and their immediate sphere of action ; they are, as it were, circumscribed and defined by their particular circumstances, they are what their situation makes them, and nothing more. Each is absorbed in his own profession or pursuit, and each in his turn contracts that habitual peculiarity of manners and opinions, which makes him the subject of ridicule to others, and the sport of the comic muse. Thus the physician is nothing but a physician—the lawyer is a mere lawyer—the scholar degenerates into a pedant—the country 'squire is a different species of being from the fine gentleman—the citizen and the courtier inhabit a different world—and even the affectation of certain characters, in aping the follies or vices of their betters, only serves to shew the immeasurable distance which custom or fortune has placed between them. Hence the early comic writers taking advantage of this mixed and solid mass of ignorance, folly, pride, and prejudice, made those deep and lasting incisions into it—have given those sharp and nice touches, that bold relief to their characters—have opposed them in every variety of contrast and collision of conscious self-satisfaction and mutual antipathy, with a power which can only find full scope in the same rich and inexhaustible materials. But in proportion as comic genius succeeds in taking off the mask from ignorance and conceit, as it teaches us to "See ourselves as others see us," in proportion as we are brought out on the stage together, and our prejudices clash one against the other, our sharp angular points wear off ; we are no longer rigid

in absurdity, passionate in folly, and we prevent the ridicule directed at our habitual follies, by laughing at them ourselves."

If it be said, that there is the same fund of absurdity and prejudice in the world as ever—that there are the same unaccountable perversities lurking at the bottom of every breast,—I should answer, be it so : but, at least, we keep our follies to ourselves as much as possible—we palliate, shuffle, and equivocate with them—they sneak into by-corners—they do not entrench themselves strongly behind custom and precedent—they are not embodied in professions and ranks in life—they are not organised into a system—they do not openly resort to a standard, but are a sort of straggling non-descripts, that, like *Wart*, "Present no mark to the foreman." As to the gross and palpable absurdities of modern manners, they are too shallow and barefaced, and those who affect, are too little *serious* in them, to make them worth the detection of the comic muse. They proceed from an idle, impudent affectation of folly in general, in the dashing *bravura* style, not from an infatuation with any of its characteristic modes. In short, I think, the proper object of ridicule is *egotism*; and a man cannot be a very great egotist, who every day sees himself represented on the stage. We are deficient in comedy, because we are without characters in real life—as we have no historical pictures, because we have no faces proper for them.

5.—ON CLOSING THE THEATRES DURING PASSION WEEK.

Ask a church of England man why the theatres are shut during the last week in Lent, and he will tell you, it is decent and proper, and moreover, it is a religious ordinance. If you question him further, and demand, supposing him to approve of dramatic exhibitions generally, how it happens, that all at once, and for a short while, they become indecent and improper, and where he can point out an order for their suppression on any days in the year, (Sundays excepted) and he must be silent, or talk nonsense. But these are not the only puzzling questions. Why, we would ask, is the Drama alone prescribed "Like a guilty thing," while all other sorts of exhibitions are allowed? While the houses

of Lords and Commons carry on their mortal doings, while shops, counting-houses, and public offices are open—nay, while that sink of lawless gambling and depravity, the Stock Exchange—good heavens! is such a place to be preferred to the pages of SHAKSPEARE, breathing, as they do, the purest charity of the heart, and full of good will towards men.” Were shop-keepers compelled to close their doors for a whole week, it would be considered by every body as a flagrant injustice—but no one reflects that a theatre is a shop—the performer’s shop—and why should that be shut? The worst is, that those who can least afford it, are the greatest sufferers—we mean the inferior actors, who are thus deprived of a weeks salary; for, be it known, the principal ones are in the habit of turning this week to good account by journies into the country, where they find the magistrates wiser than our Lord’s Chamberlain. Here is a piece of cruelty on the lower orders of a certain class never attended to, and we hope for their sake, it will not be continued.—*Theatrical Examiner*, No. 432.

6.—MADAME BARBIER, THE OPERA SINGER.

THIS lady who flourished about the early part of the eighteenth century, was sometimes called by her admirers TORTORELLA, and is mentioned in the two hundred and thirty-first paper of the Spectator, with particular approbation for her diffidence and modesty.

But her want of assurance was soon remedied in the dramatic school; for being afterwards prevailed on to take the part of *Turnus* in the opera of “*Camilla*,” and other male characters, she at length eloped with a well known debauchee.

Her flight gave occasion to the following trifle from the pen of Mr. HUGHES, author of the “*Siege of Damascus*,” who is said to have been one of her fond admirers, but to have sighed in vain. If this be true, the circumstance furnishes a motive for the lively sallies contained in

THE HUE AND CRY.

O yes, O yes, ye beaux and wits,
Musicians, poets, 'squires and cits,

All who in town or country dwell,
 Say, can you any tidings tell
 Of TORTORELLA's hasty flight,
 Who gave much pain and much delight.
 Some wit, more folly, and her air,
 Pettish sometimes, then debonnaire.
 In her, all contradictions meet,
 Coquettish now, and now discreet;
 Civil, affronting, peevish, easy,
 Alike can charm or can displease ye.
 Her judgment shallow, not her pride,
 Her dress outrè, her hoop *so* wide;
 Her skin brunette, her eye a sloe;
 Angel when pleased—when not, a shrew.
 Her air would please, if not so proud,
 Her song enchants, her talk too loud.
 Scandal, intrigues of any note
 She knows, and has it all by rote.
 In short this strange, confounded elf
 Knows every thing except herself.
 Whoe'er will bring the vagrant beauty
 Back to mama and to her duty,
 Shall have that oft denied bliss;
 If quick, 'tis snatched, a precious kiss.

* * * * *

At the age of forty, with a broken reputation, and still retaining the arrogant airs of nineteen, the lady attempted to return again to the stage, but was received with general disapprobation.

On this mortifying occasion, she observed to the manager, "I see there is a strong party against me." "You are right," replied the cruel rogue, "for I think you were hissed by every individual in the house."

The public could not endure the odious but not uncommon obscurity of a battered harraden, aping the air and manners of youth and beauty.

SONNET

On witnessing Mr. KEAN's performance of Richard III.

ON THE EVENING OF OCT. 6, 1817.

Sure 'twas the daring King himself we saw
 Reviving times of which we have but read,
 And throwing round the scene a thrilling awe
 That wak'd from slumber the illustrious dead !
 The eye that lighten'd—the majestic tread—
 The tone that soften'd or express'd high scorn—
 Feign'd love that pleaded till just hatred fled,
 Courage that nearest danger could not warn ;
 Hypocrisy that cheated friends and foes—
 Ambition that ask'd Murder's help to rise,
 And spurn'd at right and justice as it rose !
 These claim'd the homage of our hearts and eyes,
 And how they were pourtray'd bear witness ye
 Who sunk 'neath the illusion's witchery !
J. W. DALBY.

TO MISS KELLY.

On seeing her in the character of Thérèse, in the

ORPHAN OF GENEVA.

Feb. 15, 1821.

I have seen thee be tender or tragic,
 Pathetic or romping, with ease,
 But I never saw more of thy magic
 Than now, in the tortured Thérèse.

I'm aware in whatever thou tryest,
 Thou'rt able to conquer and please,
 But methinks that the best and the highest
 Of thy triumphs, is tender Thérèse.

I may not call to memory how often
I've seen thee the soul's empire seize;
But the passions to heighten or soften
Commend me to thy sweet Thérèse.

Though the heart sometimes scorns what has vanished—

And the eye oft forgets what it sees,
Until feeling and memory be banished
I'll think on thy charming Thérèse!

J. W. DALBY.

ON ACTORS.

BY EDWARD DURHAM.

The profession of an actor, is of all others the most arduous; it not only requires the most intense application, and study, but that nature should be in a great measure lavish of her external and internal graces, but how rarely do we find an actor possessing all those requisites; and hence so few attain to dramatic excellence. It has often been regretted by those who think that the theatre ought to be restored to its ancient and natural dignity, that society furnishes no establishment for a regular scheme of theatrical education. The profession is undoubtedly liberal, in the most extensive construction of the word. And as I have before said, it requires a greater assemblage of perfections, corporeal and mental, than perhaps any other; yet while law, physic, and divinity, as well as other arts and sciences, have their schools, their colleges, and professors, this alone is destitute of any institution; which may facilitate its difficult and laborious attainment. The actor is left to explore his way in the dark exposed to all the errors of his own unformed taste, and to the dangerous contagion of bad examples.

These complaints are assuredly just, but in the present state of things they are irremediable. If such institutions actually existed, they would be of very little use. The wretched remuneration received by the bulk of the profes-

sion, and the rank it holds in public estimation, must prevent any gentleman of birth and education from embracing it, as the means of subsistence. It is commonly the resource of necessity or of indolence, sometimes of visionary weakness, or of an ill placed enthusiasm for the art. In all these cases, there is neither the will nor the power to go through a course of preparatory study. The slow advancement of the art amongst its inferior professors, is not, therefore any matter of just surprise or of reasonable complaint. The state of perfection which they have actually reached, moderate as it may appear, is the real wonder. These observations will be assented to by any one who has remarked, that when a company of private gentlemen, even of talents and education, undertake to act a play; their performance will commonly be found inferior to that of the meanest provincial strollers in a market town.

That the patronage of the great towards the stage is necessary, and that it has of late greatly increased is without a doubt. For the stage which sets before our eyes those actions that from the remotest times have excited the sympathy, the reverence, the admiration of mankind;—which makes us live with the sage, and partake the glory of the hero, in every age and in every clime: which fills our bosoms with patriotic fire, and melts our hearts at the sorrows of unavailing virtue;—which exhibits in all its terror and sublimity, the raging of conflicting passion, elicits every feeling of the soul, cannot attain these great objects, unless sheltered by the most liberal extension of the patronage of the great.

The talents which are requested to form a complete actor, are as I have before remarked more rare than those essential to any other situation in life, and cannot be expected to ripen in the chilling gloom of neglect, nor exposed to the boisterous gusts of vulgar prejudice; a great actor therefore, must always, in an enlightened state of society, be considered as a citizen peculiarly entitled to the fostering attention of the community.

[To be Resumed.]



THE DRAMATIC INSPECTOR.

No. II.

BY F. F. COOPER.

THEATRICAL QUACKERY.

"Quaesitum meritis sume superbiam."

HOR.

NOTHING is more contemptible to the public taste than the ridiculous mania, now existing with the metropolitan theatres for puffing, and the means by which they trumpet forth their self-praise is equally absurd, not content with the neat bill of a few years back, they discard that and daily thrust into our hands one with ten or twelve *red* lines obtrusively staring us in the face, about the "Splendid Coronation" and the "Gorgeous Paraphernalia," in short, the whole space allotted for this display of mummery (which often abounds with untruths) is such, that it seems to defy the whole host of advertising auctioneers, blacking merchants, lottery-office keepers and quacks, to produce such an offering to the goddess *Fabula*.

Are the people of an enlightened country to be played upon, are sense and good understanding to be laughed at, because the "lessee" of the T. R. D. L. thinks he can impose upon the credulity of JOHN BULL by stating daily the most fulsome nonsense and mockery of truths in his vehicle for ribaldry, viz. a play bill. If the manager will open his eyes, the cause of the empty benches will soon be apparent, and he then may sigh out to himself, "my melodrama's" *are not* "the most successful ever produced: though to make the public believe so, he once or twice this season resorted to the old method of entrapping a house, that of heading the bills with 'by special desire,' or 'express command.'"

The time when puffing first began to render itself obnoxious to the public was at the commencement of Miss WILSON's engagement, the infatuated manager stating her reception as we quote.—“Miss WILSON continues to support the high character which the public have affixed to her professional efforts, and the whole of the operatic company enjoy a patronage which is without any parallel in the pages of dramatic history.”

Need any comment be made upon this bombast, will it not suffice to say that such a declaration is as disgusting as it is false—that Miss W. was a favorite we will not deny, but that she enjoyed a “patronage without parallel” we do most readily disallow, could the forms of the favorites of the town for nearly fifty years, but rise from their peaceful slumber, we think such a parallel might be formed, that the manager, the operatic company, and Miss WILSON, would “hide their diminished heads.”

From that time to this (the time of writing this article) the eloquence of the lessee displays itself in a thousand different puffs, the last not least is the following flaming statement which ushers the success of the “Coronation” into notice.—“Overflowing and delighted audiences nightly recognize and acknowledge the ‘Coronation’ as the most splendid exhibition ever produced on the British stage.” If this does not equal, nay even excell any of the rest, we are greatly mistaken, it is true the ‘Coronation’ in itself as a spectacle produced upon the late happy occasion, was possessed of merit, but we cannot see why it should be a standing dish for nearly one hundred nights, accompanied with “*Geraldi Duval*” (a melo-drama better dramatized, better performed, and better attended three seasons ago, at the Surry theatre) and “*Monsieur Tonson*.”

The above entertainments were latterly found to cloy, and the next course served, was “*Maid or Wife*” and “*Giovanni in London*,” the latter piece solely for the purpose of introducing a very pretty woman, a handsome leg, and certainly enchanting voice, and that voice alone has been the cause of “*Giovanni's*” repetition, for the piece itself is deficient of wit and boasts neither of originality or ingenuity, the *Songs* being principally parodies on the sweetest ones of our English bards, and the language of the

said songs are of the most disgusting kind, for instance, the parody on "*Pray Goody*." We think the admirers of the drama have put up with "melo-drama's, burlesques, Coronations," &c. &c. long enough, and therefore it is high time to advise the national theatres to play tragedy and comedy occasionally with opera, and not to allow the soul of SHAKESPEARE to be metamorphosed into three act plays, his "*Richard, Henry, Hamlet, Othello, and Macbeth*," being the delight of such refined audiences as grace the theatres in Tottenham-court-road.

And in thus restoring the old species of entertainments, such actors of the present day, who are not deficient in merit, will have an opportunity of proving their talent, and abilities, instead of strutting in dumb show as ELLISTON does in the "*Coronation*."

To see this done it will be "*laborum dulce lenimen*," our hopes will become realized, and the theatres visited by those who now absent themselves lest the manager should think they were biassed by his "puffs."

It may be thought that in thus speaking of Drury Lane we make an invidious distinction, not so—the theatres, Covent Garden, Haymarket, &c. &c. are all infected with the same malady, though its effects are not quite so visible as at D. L.

We will conclude by reminding the manager of a certain adage—*Never too late to mend*.

Dec. 1, 1821.

MR. DRAMA,

Our immortal bard has made Hamlet in his address to the players, speak in the worst possible terms of bad actors, he says—

"O there be players that I have seen—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well they imitated humanity so abominably."

Mr. FARMER in his annotations of SHAKSPEARE reads it thus :—

“There be players, that I have seen play—and heard others praise and that highly (not to speak profanely) that neither having the accent nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor Mussulman, have so strutted and bellowed, that I thought some of nature’s journeymen had made the men and not made them well, &c. &c.”

Now if SHAKSPEARE had been alive how could he have borne to have his works thus mangled by bad critics who of the two (critics and players) must be the worst? SHAKSPEARE could not mean to assert as a general truth, that nature’s journeymen had made men (i. e. all mankind) for if that were the case, the strutting players would have been on a footing with the rest of the species.

A passage in “*King Lear*” fully supports in my opinion, the emendation now proposed.

Kent. Nature disclaims in thee, a tailor made thee.

Cornwall. A tailor make a man!

Kent. Aye a tailor sir; a stone cutter or a painter [nature’s journeyman] could not have made him so ill, though he had been but two hours at his trade.

I am your obedient Servant,

“PHILO KEAN.”

ANECDOTE OF SHAKSPEARE AND ALLEYN.

EDWARD ALLEYN, the GARRICK of SHAKSPEARE’S time, had been on the most friendly footing with our poet, and BEN JONSON.—They used frequently to spend their evenings together, at the sign of the Globe, somewhere near Blackfriars, where the playhouse then was. The world need not be told, that the convivial hours of such a triumvirate, must be pleasing as well as profitable, and may truly be said to be such pleasures as might bear the reflec-

tion of the morning. In consequence of one of these meetings, the following letter was written by G. PEEL, a Fellow of Christchurch College, Oxford, and a dramatic poet who belonged to the Club, to one MARLE, an intimate of his.

“ Friende MARLE,

I must desyre that my syster, hyr watche, and the cookerie book you promysed may be sent bye the man. I never longed for thy company more than last night;—we were all very merry at the Globe, when NED ALLEYN, did not scruple to affyrme pleasauntely to thy friende WILL, that he had stolen his speeche about the qualytyes of an actor’s excellencye in “*Hamlet*” hys trajedye, from conversations manyfold which had passed between them, and opinyons given by ALLEYN touchinge the subjecte.

SHAKSPEARE did not take this talke in good sorte; but JONSON put an end to the strife, with wittylye remarkinge—“ This affaire needeth no contentione; you stole it from NED, no doubt; do not marvel: have you not seen him act tymes out of number.

Believe me most syncerilie

Yours, G. PEEL.”

As Mr. ALLEYN is a character, at present, little known in the theatrical world, though we need not subjoin any other testimony to his merit than the above compliment from such a judge as BEN JONSON,—we shall, however, beg leave to add, (by way of showing it was no friendly partiality) the opinions of two gentlemen, whose established literary characters are too well known to doubt their complimenting at the expense of their genius and sincerity.

Dr. FULLER, in his Worthies, says “ that ALLEYN made any part, especially a majestic one, become him.—And SIR RICHARD BAKER, who was a cotemporary of his, calls him and BURBAGE, “ the best actors of our time;” adding—“ what plays were ever so pleasing as when their parts had the greatest part.” And in his Chronicle we find him once more joining ALLEYN with BURBAGE, in the following encomium:—“ They are two such actors, as no age must ever look to see the like.”

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

“ — Some abuse the STAGE,
And say it lives by vice ;—indeed 'tis true,
As the physicians by diseases do—
Only to cure them—”

RANDOLPH'S “ *Muse's Looking-Glass.*”

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

December 22.—GIOVANNI IN IRELAND—[1st time]—
Monsieur Tonson.

It has always been the practice at this season of the year when, from habit, we are disposed to relax from the severity of our ordinary labours, and to yield a little to the influence of mirth and good humour, for the theatres of every degree to prepare a banquet suitable to the inclination of our minds ; and thus, during the Christmas holidays, the comic tricks and practical jokes of a *Pantomime* have generally superseded the more legitimate walk of the drama. *Drury-lane*, however, departing from the hackneyed track, has for the antics of *Harlequin*, the *Clown*, and *Pantaloon*, substituted adventures of a different description, but which have proved completely unattractive.

“ A new extravaganza Opera,” in three acts was “ *rehearsed*” this evening, under the above title. The eccentric libertine, *Giovanni*, (of whose name we are heartily sick and tired) has been introduced to the public, under so many different disguises, that a description of his character would be superfluous. The piece, as it has been properly entitled, is to all intents, “ *An Extravaganza.*” It is not marked by any distinct plot, but consists (as was the case with the adventures in London,) of a series of comic situations, in which a vast number of national characters, marked by national peculiarities, are introduced ; and in which opportunities have been taken to parody the most celebrated Irish airs. Care has been taken to

avoid all allusions which could prove, in the slightest degree, offensive; and the principal characters have been borrowed from the most favourite of our Hibernian novelists. On the rising of the curtain, Mr. COOPER delivered the following address, which was most favourably received.

Critics! withhold your awful frowns awhile,
And seek with us to-night our sister Isle,
Where nature revels in her vivid green,
And storied beauties animate the scene;
There Royalty will stretch a parent hand,
And soon, with added blessings, cheer the land.
Soon heavenly peace her balmy sway resume
And Erin spread around her richest bloom.
Of late our Stage with mimic grandeur shone,
Reflecting splendours of the British Throne:
That Throne where Freedom guards the subject's right,
And where benignant *mercy* tempers *might*.
New scenes of regal pomp, to-night, we show,
Scenes that must make each Irish bosom glow.
Hibernia's patron Saint his knights shall view,
In banner'd dignity, with honour's due.
Long may his sons uphold their martial fame,
His friends to succour, and his foes to tame.
Long may the Sister Isles accord with pride,
Nor ought divide them but the rolling tide;
And while secure from every hostile stroke,
The SHAMROCK flourish with the BRITISH OAK.

The business of the piece then commences with an opening scene of the *Bay of Dublin by moonlight*, with the arrival of the Holyhead packet off the Pigeon-house, having Giovanni "*from London*," [Mad. VESTRIS,] and Leporello, "*his servant of all work, from ditto*" [HARLEY], on board. The hero having landed, he is introduced with a song from Padreen Gar, "*from the novel of that name*," [FITZWILLIAM], air "*Paddy Carey*."

From London, where he last has been,
To Ireland now comes Don Giovanni;
A tighter boy was never seen,
Mad for a frisk, and brisk as any.

His well-turned limbs, his graceful air,
 No equal find from here to Cadiz ;
 His tuneful voice enchants the fair,
 For *Giovy's* lov'd by all the ladies ;
 Old and young, grave and sad,
 Short and tall, dull and mad,
 Simpering, whimpering, rudish, prudish,
 Light, brisk, and airy,
 All the sweet faces,
 At all kind of places,
 Would look and sigh,
 And pine and die,
 In Italy, Germany, England and Spain,
 In the Holyhead packet again and again,
 At *Giovy's* conquering name would melt,
 Och ! cush-la-machree, we'll presently see,
 The loving boy, the darling toy,
 The cozening boy, the ladies joy ;
 Nimble-footed, black-ey'd, rosy-cheek'd,
 Sweet-voiced, clean-limbed, *Don Giovanni* !

Our hero then commences his ramblings in pursuit of pleasure, through which it would be in vain for us to follow him. They were not very natural, and indeed, in many instances, altogether incomprehensible. We can only say, that the *Don* makes the usual advances to every woman he meets, in the most libertine style possible ; gets into a quarrel with *John Orderly*, (from Dunstable,) [Mr. HUGHES], and his amateur performers at Kilkenny ; fires the convent of St. Dominic, and bears of *Donagh*, the novice, [Miss POVEY], undergoes a mock trial, and is about to be condemned, when the arrival of the king in Ireland leads to his liberation, and he expresses a determination to proceed to Spain, and fight in defence of his country's newly-acquired liberties, &c. The whole of the characters then proceed to witness a grand installation of the Knights of St. Patrick, accompanied by the Sovereign. With respect to the costume, this was entirely neglected. It in no way resembled the dress of our Hibernian neighbours, and consisted of the common-place attire of the English peasantry, which those who have visited the sister

kingdom must at once discover is misplaced. We wish our remarks upon the scenery could be more favourable. That it was well executed, we will not deny; but we are bound to say, that the effect produced, in no respect equalled the intention; nor did the painter seem to be possessed of a sufficient knowledge of the situations he meant to portray. Many of the parodies were humorous, and were well received; and to the exertions of Madame VESTRIS the piece owed its principal support. Miss POVEY warbled delightfully, as did Miss CUBITT. Mr. FITZWILLIAM's national scraps were highly relished particularly in "*Groves of Barney*," which was *encored*.

The whole of the last act was occupied with the installation. From the back of the stage, and through the centre of a street, meant to represent Sackville-street, the procession, consisting of the installed and uninstalled knights, with the sovereign of the order, advanced, attended with all the pomp and magnificence by which it was distinguished, during the royal visit, on its way to the cathedral of St. Patrick, on the day of installation. The movement of this procession was marked by discharges of artillery, and by every other accompaniment which was calculated to produce the most striking effect, as nearly as possible to the reality. The whole passed completely across the pit over a stage, similar to that erected for the "*Coronation*." When this had passed, the scene changed to the exterior of the cathedral. Battle-axe guards, aid-de-camps, and stewards then entered, and formed a line for the peeresses, who severally passed, and entered the church, to be present at the ceremony. After these had entered, the interior was displayed. The law officers, bishops, dignitaries, and peeresses were seen seated in their respective places. Choristers then entered from the back of the pit, chaunting invocation, and ascended the balconies, after which the knights, with their esquires, banners, &c. approached, followed by heralds, preceding the sovereign of the order, and his attendants, and took their seats. Then followed the ceremony of installation by proxy, as it actually took place. The representation was certainly extremely faithful, and the dresses particularly splendid: but the ceremony was altogether too tedious, and was evidently

not in unison with the feelings of the audience, who repeatedly expressed their impatience. Mr. ELLISTON personated the sovereign with becoming dignity; but the public have apparently lost all relish for these kind of entertainments, there being too much sameness in them. The piece was given out for representation on Wednesday, amidst contending shouts of applause and disapprobation (1).

24 and 25 —No performance.

26.—Ibid—Monsieur Tonson.

"*Giovanni in Ireland*" was performed for the first time this evening, the former representation being merely, as the bills facetiously termed, a "*dressed rehearsal*." The house was but thinly attended, and much disapprobation was expressed. The next morning the bills contained the following piece of unequalled insolence:

"*Giovanni in Ireland*," on its first performance last night, was received with tumultuous approbation, every factious effort, previously organized, being completely overpowered. The numerous communications on this subject that have been received, will in due time appear before the public. The piece will be repeated every evening."

With respect to the overpowering of factious efforts, it was said by the *Times* newspaper, that ruffians were stationed in various parts of the house, to knock down or intimidate every one who ventured to hiss! (2) As to "*numerous communications*," we can do no other than set the assertion down as a bit of the "*Lessee's*" "*humbug*."

(1) "The principal characteristic of this production is its unvarying stupidity. There is not the slightest attempt at character; the dialogue is disgustingly vulgar; and the incidents indescribably absurd: to sum up all in half a dozen words it is a coarse, despicable, and immoral piece of blackguardism."—*British Stage*, vol. v. p. 31.

(2) A Mr. Cox, of Soho-square, preferred a complaint at Bow street next morning against BOND, one of the constables belonging to the office, for violently assaulting him in the theatre, for no other reason than because he hissed the piece!

27.—Ibid—Spectre Bridegroom.

28.—Ibid—Who's Who?—The Romp.

29.—Ibid—Prisoner at Large—Ella Rosenberg.

The career of the renowned *Don* was this evening finally closed. When the curtain fell, a most violent uproar was commenced, equalling the celebrated O P row. The manager, Mr. RUSSELL, was called for, but being absent through illness, Mr. ELLISTON, in the dress of the monarch appeared before the audience. He stated, that "the piece was not the production of a sudden thought, but it had been in contemplation nearly two years ago, and much of it had been written fifteen months. The success of "*Giovanni in London*," and the great popularity of Madame VESTRIS in that piece, were the circumstances which induced him to lay it before the public; however, he knew too well his own interest to force any piece upon his patrons against their wishes; he therefore begged leave to announce, that the piece was *for the present withdrawn*." This did not satisfy the house, and after the farce had a second time begun, a fresh tumult arose, when KNIGHT came forward, and assured the audience it was "*withdrawn*," without the qualification of the word "*present*;" a shout succeeded and harmony was restored.

31.—Busy Body—Coronation—A Day after the Wedding.

1822, January 1. — Dramatist — Ibid — *Giovanni in London*.

2.—Secrets Worth Knowing—Ibid—Frightened to Death.

3.—Busy Body—Ibid—Fortune's Frolic.

4.—Jew—Ibid—*Giovanni in London*.

5.—Secrets Worth Knowing—Ibid—Modern Antiques.

7.—Richard III.—Devil to Pay.

8.—Secrets Worth Knowing—Coronation—*Giovanni in London*.

9.—*Macbeth*—Review.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

December 22.—Two Gentlemen of Verona—Two Pages of Frederick the Great.

24 and 25.—No Performance.

26.—*Virginus*—HARLEQUIN and MOTHER BUNCH; or, *the Yellow Dwarf*—[1st time.]

According to annual custom at this theatre a new grand Harlequinade was produced after the tragedy for the gratification of the holiday visitors. The title no doubt rose high the expectations of the admirers of "*Mother Bunch's Fairy Tales*,"—and it appears the tale of the "*Yellow Dwarf*" has been pretty closely adhered to by the adapter. There have been several pantomimes with their introductions founded on this celebrated story—one we recollect seeing at *Astleys* some years ago—the other was played at *Sadler's Wells* the season before Mr. EGERTON became proprietor of that house, and it appears the present *Melange* is principally indebted to that piece for its opening scenes.

The rising of the curtain disclosed a splendid gallery in the palace of the *King of the Gold Mines*, with his yellow majesty on his throne of state, surrounded by his ministers and attendants, and disconsolate for the absence of intelligence from his beloved *Princess Allfair*, the daughter of the *Queen of Golconda*, whose hand he has sent to demand in marriage. At length a message arrives with the consent of the *Queen*, and urging him to be speedy, in order to prevent her union with the *Yellow Dwarf*, to whom she has been promised by *Mother Bunch*—and his Majesty having bestowed some very uncourteous and forcible tokens of his indignation at the attempts to thwart his royal passion, sallies forth on his nuptial expedition.—The *Princess* having been inveigled by *Mother Bunch* to the borders of a sandy desert, where grows an orange-tree, enclosing a mystic bower, the residence of the *Yellow Dwarf*, proceeds to gather some of the fruit from the tree, when she is seized by the *Dwarf*, who, forcing on to her finger a magic ring with which *Mother Bunch* has furnished him, thereby becomes master of her person, and carries her into his bower, and from thence to her own chamber in the palace of her mother. Here the *King of the Gold Mines* appears to demand her hand, and is on the point of being united to her in the nuptial hall, when *Mother Bunch* enters on her flying car, and prevents it; and the *Yellow Dwarf*, mounted on a huge tom cat, after a combat with the *King*, carries off the *Prin-*

cess, and encloses her in a castle of polished steel, whence she is rescued by her royal lover by means of a diamond sword with which *Mother Bunch* has presented him; but he incautiously throwing the sword on the ground, in the ecstasy of the moment, on beholding his beloved *Princess* once more, it is seized by the *Yellow Dwarf*, who is on the point of applying it to the destruction of his rival and reluctant bride at once; when *Mother Bunch* again interposes, and transforming the *King* into *Harlequin*, the *Princess Allfair* into *Columbine*, the *Queen of Golconda* into *Pantaloon*, the *Yellow Dwarf* into *Clown*, and the *Captain* of the *King's* body guard into a clownish *Lacquey*, attending on *Harlequin*, condemns them to the customary course of propitiatory wanderings, and the usual routine of transformations, trick, and changes of scenery make up the *harlequinade*; the final union of the constant and happy pair being brought about in the palace of the *King of the Gold Mines*.

A variety of that splendid and beautiful scenery for which this theatre is distinguished was exhibited in the course of the pantomime. The palace of the *King of the Gold Mines* with which it commenced, richly deserved the applause it received. Yet excellent as it was as a scenic representation, it proved far inferior to that of the castle of polished steel by moonlight, where tower rose above tower in the most beautiful symmetry and proportion. The manner too, in which this castle vanished into "thin air" on the destruction of its defender is equally worthy of notice, as also the manner in which a beautiful cascade rose up in its stead.—The chamber of the *Princess Allfair*—the nuptial hall—the garden of the Castle—were very delightful and much applauded. Several of the transformations were highly ingenious and diverting—among those particularly noticed were, that of the orange-tree into a superb magic bower which afterwards resumed its original form: a toll-house on Margate pier into the *Engineer* steam packet: a waggon drawn by two asses into an elegant carriage with a couple of grey horses: a barrow of public house pots into a dinner table with roast beef and plum pudding smoking hot; and a basket into a poulterer's stall. One of the most humorous devices of the *Clown*, was the metamorphosis of a bathing tub into a packet boat, which he contrived to

rig and provision with much ingenuity and grotesque effect with a variety of stolen articles, and set sail in her in pursuit of *Harlequin*. Among the characters with whom we were brought in contact, was that "citizen of credit and renown" *Johnny Gilpin*, and the whole of his respectable family. Part of his feats during the journey to Edmonton is also displayed to the audience, especially his mode of clearing Edmonton turnpike; and his misfortunes are at last brought to a close by his horse carrying him in head-foremost into a china-shop, in Cheapside. The overture and music, by Mr. WARE, consisted of a pleasing selection of admired and well known airs. Messrs. ELLAR, GRIMALDI, senior and junior, BARNES, and Miss E. DENNETT, acquitted themselves with their accustomed gracefulness, vivacity and elegance, and each received great applause. On the announcement of the piece for repetition, some few persons expressed their dissent, by hisses, but the general voice decided in its favour.

27—Two Gentlemen of Verona—Ibid.

28—Exile—Ibid.

29—Two Gentlemen of Verona—Ibid.

31—Exile—Ibid.

1822. Jan. 1—Rob Roy—Ibid.

2—Two Gentlemen of Verona—Ibid.

3—Exile—Ibid.

4—Hamlet—Ibid.

5—Two Gentlemen of Verona—Ibid.

MINOR DRAMA.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Nov. 24th. LE SOLITAIRE; or, *The Recluse of the Alps*. We promised in our last to give some account of this piece. The plot is as follows:—

The Count St. Maure having been slain at the foot of the throne of France, in defending the King from an attempt on his life and sovereignty by *Charles the Bold*, Duke of Burgundy, his anguished widow retires to the valley of Underlach, in Switzerland, for shelter, with her infant daughter, *Eloise*, [Miss S. BOOTH,] whom, on her death-bed, she bequeaths to the guardianship of her uncle, the Baron D'Her-

stall, [Mr. POWER] desiring that she may never be induced to quit the valley for a more dangerous residence amidst courts and palaces. Here the growing charms of the young orphan, just bursting into the dawn of womanhood, meet the eye, and excite the licentious passions of the *Count de Palzo*, [Mr. BAKER] a retainer of the *Duke of Lorrain*, to whose sister he is affianced, who engages his confidant, *Michelli*, [Mr. ELLIOTT] to carry her off by force.—A *Solitary*, [Mr. H. JOHNSTON] dwelling in a lonely hut, on the precipitous summit of a desert mountain, in the chain which forms the boundary of the valley of Underlach, unknown yet endeared to all by the acts of kindness which he is constantly performing, exercises a sort of secret guardianship over the orphan *Eloise*, watching her steps and warning her of impending danger. On her being attacked by *Michelli* and his ruffians, he rushes in and rescues her, and afterwards extorts from *Michelli* a full disclosure of the designs of his master, including his intended revolt to *Lewis of France*, with a levy of Swiss troops which he has been authorised by the Cantons to raise for the assistance of the *Duke of Lorraine* against that prince. *De Palzo*, defeated in his attempt by force to obtain possession of *Eloise*, makes proposals for her hand, which are accepted by the *Baron*, but with respectful firmness declined by *Eloise*, who has formed a romantic attachment for the *Solitary*. Encouraged, however, by the *Baron*, he perseveres in his solicitations, and at a second interview is rejected by her with more determined resolution, accompanied with reproaches for his base and treacherous designs, of which she has, since his first application, been informed by the *Solitary*. Incensed at her refusal, and provoked by her discovery of his intentions, *De Palzo* threatens her with violence to intimidate her into compliance, but failing, raises a dagger to plunge into her bosom, and the orphan of *St. Maure* again owes her safety to the intervention of her mysterious protector. He now discloses to *Eloise* that an ardent and devoted love for her burns within his bosom, and is assured by her of a fond return; but informing her that circumstances of his history forbid all hope of their being united, he bids her farewell for ever. Night coming on, the Priory of Underlach, the residence of the *Baron*, is attacked by *De Palzo* and enve-

loped in flames, from which *Eloise* escaping, flies for protection to the *Solitary* on his desert mountain, where she is joined by her uncle, who consents to their union, but requests to know the name of his nieces's future husband. The unknown having excited from both an oath of secrecy, raises his vizor, and discovers the features of *Charles the Bold*, the murderer of *Eloise's* father, and seducer of the *Baron's* daughter. Bursting with rage and the thirst for revenge, the *Baron* revokes his rash consent, and invokes the most awful curses on the destroyer of the peace of his family. *Eloise*, heart-broken by the accumulation of horrors thus awfully crowding upon her, falls dead upon the spot. At this instant, *De Palzo* and *Michelle* having gained the summit of the mountain, rush into the hut in search of *Eloise*, and the *Solitary* firing a train, buries them in its ruins, and falls dead on the corpse of *Eloise*.

From this sketch it will be seen that this piece which is of the true melo-dramatic cast, abounds with striking situations, and with incidents of a powerfully interesting nature. Mr. H. JOHNSTON made his first appearance at this theatre, and played the *Recluse* so excellently, as makes us regret he is almost a recluse, so far at least as respects the metropolis. He was warmly received and highly applauded. Mr. POWER played the *Baron* with great propriety. His scene with the *Solitary* on the occasion of his discovery, was a highly creditable effort, and his curse was given with great energy. Miss S. BOOTH made a truly powerful impression on the audience in her delineation of the feelings and emotions of the interesting *Eloise*. Some excellent Scenery by GREENWOOD, was displayed, of which the *Gardens of the Priory of Underluch*, and a view of the *Lake*, with the village on its borders, by moonlight, from the summit of the mountain, deserve particular attention for their beauty and pleasing effect. The Music, by Mr. G. REEVE, is very pretty. The piece was announced for repetition with high acclamations.

COBOURG THEATRE.

NOV. 4.—DICK HATTERAICK, *The Dutch Smuggler*, or *the Gypsy of Derholcugh*. Those who are acquainted with

the novel of "*Guy Mannering*" will easily recognise the chief incidents in this piece: it is the same as that produced at the Lyceum Theatre (vide vol. 1. p. 200) with the exceptions of *Dandie Dinmont* and *Lucy Bertram*, omissions, which we should call a want of taste in the adapter, did we not believe that it must have been forced upon him, by the nature and strength of the company who were to perform it. It is certainly not a very easy matter to procure an efficient representation for the rough, blunt, and good-natured farmer of "*Charlies Hope*." Of Mr. T. P. COOKE'S *Hatteraick*, we have before given a decided opinion. Miss TAYLOR, (who made her first appearance at this Theatre from the Surrey,) as *Meg*, cannot play any part badly, but we think she is not calculated for the character. Her *forte* lies more in the soft and tender scenes. Mr. BEVERLEY, who played the *Dominie*, does not appear to understand the nature of the character he portrays. He is too gay, and throws too much levity in his acting, for the rigid solemnity of the Scotch teacher. The *Gilbert Glossin* of Mr. BENNETT, and the *Julia* of Miss WATSON, were very respectable. The scenery was as usual excellent.

19.—FREDERICK THE GREAT, or, *The Deserter*. This melo-drama, is founded on an incident related of FREDERICK the great king of Prussia, who being benighted in a forest, sought refuge in a cottage, which was the secret haunt of *Banditti*. Here he would have fallen into their snares, had he not been preserved by *Adelbert* [COOKE] the *Deserter*, whose intrepidity saved him from destruction. The deserter is in consequence pardoned.

26.—THE GREEKS AND TURKS, or, *the Intrepidity of a British Tar*. The incidents of this piece, apply, in some degree, to the present state of warfare carried on between the Turks and the Greeks, and are interspersed with some humorous dialogues, in which *Mich. Rattline*, an English sailor [T. P. COOKE] displays all the wonted characteristics of his profession. Miss TAYLOR performed the part of *Theodosea*, a Grecian lady, in a very feeling manner, and *Fan Fireproof*, [Mrs. WESTON] is a heroine, whose years do not abate her patriotic enthusiasm for the Greeks. SLOMAN, as *Jemmy Heartmouse*, has a most humorous part, of which he makes the most. There is nothing like a connected

story in the piece, but the detached incidents are developed with spirit, and the scenery and mechanism, reflect great credit on the Theatre.

The House closed on Tuesday, the 18th inst., in consequence of some very extensive and splendid alterations, which were to be made previous to the Holiday's; the principal of which is the adoption of the method used at some of the Parisian Theatres, of a *Looking Glass*, in the place of the Drop Curtain. A melo-drama, which has astonished all Paris, is now performing, under the title of "*The Temple of Death*!" a detailed account of which, will be given in our next.

WEST LONDON THEATRE.

Oct. 1. *Cædipus*.—A numerous audience was attracted this evening, by as barefaced an imposition, as was ever practised on a public audience, since the days of the bottle conjuror. It had been ostentatiously announced in the bills, for the last 2 months, and also in some of the public prints, that the "*Cædipus Tyrannus of Sophocles*," would be acted at this Theatre, "being its first appearance these 2440 years." Of course many persons, attracted by the accurate chronological knowledge of the supposed translator, went, in the expectation of seeing the ancient tragedy, stalking for once on modern boards, in all the pomp and pride of the Athenian buskin, and of beholding the far-famed chorus, tracing and retracing its steps along them to the notes of "Doric flutes, and soft recorders," as it poured forth the lyric measures of the bard of Colonus. In this expectation, which the numerous translations of the *Cædipus Tyrannus*, into English prose and verse, did not render altogether unfounded, they were most miserably disappointed; for instead of listening to the simple, yet majestic strains of SOPHOCLES, they were indulged with a cut-down edition of the bombastic, though powerful tragedy, of LEE and DRYDEN, upon the same subject. That piece, which must always affect an audience very strongly, certainly has made its appearance on the stage, within the last 2440 years; for if we remember right, we have read of a curious incident, which took place at its representation in Dublin,

within the last 50 years. An actor of the name of EBRINGTON, who enacted the part of *Œdipus*, supported the distraction of that unfortunate monarch so well, that one of the instrumental performers in the orchestra went mad, in reality, and continued mad as the story goeth for the remainder of his existence. Mr. HUNTLEY, who sustained that character, had not either the misery or the satisfaction (for we do not know which he would deem it) of producing so melancholy an effect upon any of his auditors, and yet he ranted through the part with tolerable emphasis, tearing the ears of the groundlings as violently as LEE himself could have wished it done at the moment when he was mad enough to "put out the fiery spark," and to bid "gods meet gods and jostle in the dark." Mrs. GLOVER's delineation of *Jocasta* was truly powerful and met with deserved applause; but we have seen her to greater advantage than we did in her Grecian costume. The other performers were of the stamp usually met with in Minor theatres.

TOWN TALK, No. IV.

M. TALMA, the celebrated French tragedian, has been nominated examiner of votes in the electoral college of Arpejon, in which he possesses some property. This political appointment has excited some surprise in a country in which actors are denied *christian burial*.

Miss BYRNE and Mr. COBHAM have been playing at the Cork theatre.

A summer-house in the grounds of Mrs. GARRICK, at Hampton, was broken open and robbed of various articles in the night of the 5th of November. Very fortunately one article, which its original owner highly valued, was left behind on account of its cumbrous dimensions and weight. This was a large arm chair, made by the direction of GARRICK out of the celebrated "mulberry-tree" planted by SHAKSPEARE.

The Waterford theatre opened on the 15th of November, with "*Othello*" and the "*Rendezvous*." Mr. WARDE was an *Othello* seldom found on country boards.

Mademoiselle GEORGE continues to attract overflowing audiences at the Second Theatre Français in Paris.

A Parisian actor of the first class having been reproached with performing at a minor theatre, answered, "boards are boards." Some of our London performers appear to be of the same opinion.

The Milan theatre has been the scene of a very tragic event. The play was the *Antigone of Alfieri*. At the end of the piece the actor — LOMBARDI, who played the character of *Edmon*, with all the warmth and truth possible, after having killed his father was to turn against himself the parricidal weapon, and appear to kill himself. Either however from the effect of the agitation of his mind, or from his tunic having become entangled with his arm, he plunged his sword into his breast. He fell on the stage covered with blood, and entirely insensible. Cries of pity and of horror immediately resounded through the theatre. Every possible care has been taken of the unfortunate LOMBARDI, and it is hoped his life will be saved.

Two distinguished foreigners are said to be in treaty for Vauxhall Gardens, where they intend introducing the Russian Mountains and other Parisian amusements.

The Edinburgh theatre opened on Monday, Oct. 22, for the season. The entertainments were "*The Wonder*," and "*The Coronation*." Mrs. H. SIDDONS appeared as *Violante* in the comedy, and her reception of course could not but be gracious. Most of the performers remain who belonged to the company last season.

The inimitable MATHEWS, "whose every look and gesture is a joke," and would make

———"E'en thick lipp'd musing melancholy,

To gather up her face into a smile

Before shewas aware———"

has been exhibiting his mirth-provoking talents at the Derby and Hereford theatres to crowded audiences.

Mr. MACREADY has been performing with much *eclat* at the Leicester theatre.

The idea of building Ranelagh, is likely to be speedily adopted.

Madame MAINVILLE FODOR, now performing at the Italian theatre in Paris, purposes shortly to visit Italy. Various

nations are contending for the honour of her birth-place. The Parisians assert that she was born in France.—Madoiselle GEORGE is the leading favourite at the Odeon. M. HABENECK is the new Manager of the Opera.

Three new tragedies, by Lord BYRON, are published. The hero of one of them is FOSCARI, son of the Doge of that name, who was unjustly banished by the Venetian Senate, after having been cruelly tortured, for a crime of which he appears to have been entirely innocent. ROGERS, in his "*Pleasures of Memory*," thus alludes to the catastrophe, though in a feeble and indistinct manner:—

"Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh,

This makes him wish to live, and dare to die;

For this young FOSCARI, whose hopeless fate

Venice should blush to hear the muse relate;

When exile wore his blooming years away,

To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey;

When reason, justice, vainly urg'd his cause,

For this he rous'd her sanguinary laws,

Glad to return, tho' hope could grant no more,

But chains and torture hailed him to the shore.

Mr. and Mrs. BARTLEY have been engaged by Mr. HARRIS at the Dublin theatre, for a limited period. Mrs. BARTLEY will make her first appearance in a new tragedy, entitled "*Mary, Queen of Scots*."

An American paper of the 26th September, says "Mr. PRICE of the New York theatre, who is at present in London, offered BRAHAM 40,000 dollars for two years engagement, which he refused!"

A correspondent says, "*the idea of building a new theatre at the west end of the town, [vide vol. 1. p. 208] is ridiculous, when so elegant a place of amusement as the Pantheon in Oxford Street, is suffered to fall to decay.*" We certainly think it singular that no spirited person can be found who would restore that truly beautiful theatre to its pristine splendour. We would advise Mr. GLOSSOP, the liberal proprietor of the Cobourg and Royalty Theatres, to turn his attention a little westward.

It is said, (as a fact) that Mr. ELLISTON has cleared £15,000 by "*The Coronation*."

T.W.

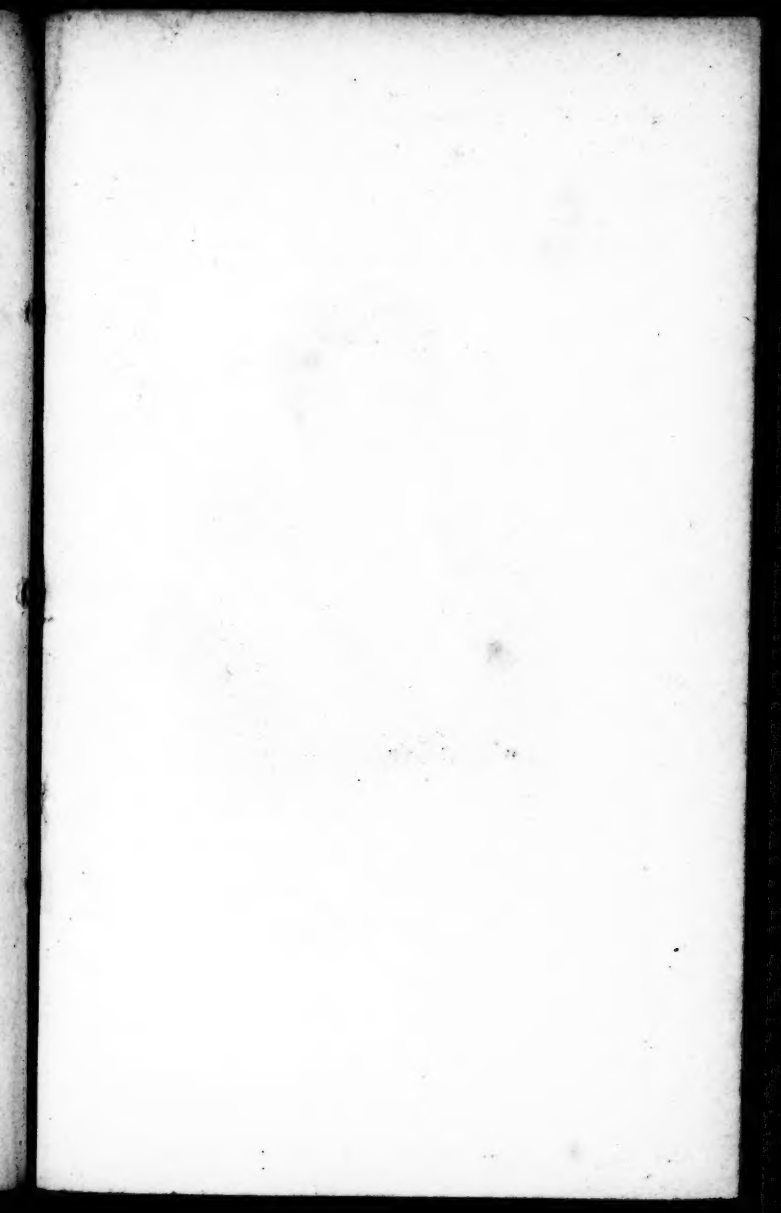
During one of GRASSINI's engagements at the Italian

Opera, at Paris, she requested that a song should be transposed. The leader of the band objected to this ; and stated the difficulty and inconvenience of doing it. GRASSINI however persisted, that if her request was not complied with, she would not sing. "Then, Madame," replied the leader, "I feel it my duty to say, that it is at all times unpleasant to me to act offensively towards a lady : but if the song be not sung as it is written, I, and every other musician here, will leave the orchestra !" It is needless to say, that GRASSINI withdrew her request, and never afterwards renewed it.

Dec. 15th. WINSTON's action against GLOSSOP, for an assault, came on in the Court of King's Bench. Damages £150. Mr. WINSTON has given the money to the D. L. Theatrical Fund.

The Chester theatre is unoccupied ; the proprietors *advertize for a tenant*.—A subscription has been commenced at York to improve the interior of the theatre

The Opera.—On Thursday, 20th of December, the first private rehearsal of the vocal corps of the King's Theatre took place. The musical selections were from the new Opera of *Pacini*. Madame CAMPORESE, who was much improved in personal appearance, retains all her former sweetness of tone and refinement of style so peculiar to the Italian school. Signor CERTONI, the new Bass, gave a specimen of his talents, and displayed great compass and power of voice, added to considerable flexibility of countenance and versatility of genius, combined with much apparent *bon-homie*. AMBROGETTI, we are happy to perceive, has recovered his usual flow of spirits. CURIONI, the first Tenore, has arrived, and exhibited on this occasion much to the admiration of those present. CHERUTTI, the second Tenore, and several minor performers, were also there. The Directors present expressed themselves highly pleased with the new engagements. The Concert-room will be completely re-decorated in the most elegant style, the whole interior of the Theatre is undergoing renovation, and will, before the opening, receive a general feature of improvement.





MR. YOUNG,
AS
ROLLO.

